

A briefe dissection

OF
Germanes Affliction:

With

Warre, Pestilence, and Famine; and
other deducable miseries, Lachrimable to
speak of; more lamentable to partake of.

Sent as a (friendly) monitor to *England*,
warning her to beware of,
(Generally)

Ingratitude, and Security; as also
(Particularly)

Other greevous finnes, the weight whereof
Germany hath a long time felt, and at this present
doth (and *England* may feare to) feele.

Written from approv'd intelligence, by *M. Parker.*

Luk. 13.3.

Except yee repent, yee shall all likewise perishe.

Printed at London by T. Cotes, for Francis Groves dwelling on
Snow-hill. neere the Sarazens head. 1638.

A perfect collection

of

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To the tender hearted Reader.

R Eader should this insuing discourse happen to be reade (or heard) by the most adamantine heart in the world; (I perswade my selfe) it would (like Goats blood) dissolve it. For here in this small volume is briefly dissected (or anatomized) the largest subject of misery that the lanthorne of time ever shewed to the world. It is a lamentable tragedy; so lamentable, that the like, all precedent times were ignorant of. Germany is the Stage; the Actors are mercilesse extortioners, bloody homicides, luxurious ravishers, sacrilegious robbers, (and spoylers) of Churches and other holy places: Canibalian man-eaters, and their attendants. And because no play is hold compleat unlesse some womens parts be in it; behold here are Virgins ravished and murdered; women eating their owne children: nay, one woman devouring another. The Scenes are Warre, Famine, and Pestilence, with other

To the Reader.

*miserable calamities deduced (or deriued) from
thence; the spectators or audience are men who
have scene their houses rob'd, their wives and
daughters carnally abused in their owne sight,
their young sucking babes dashed against the
walls by the heeles, or thrust upon speare points:
Nay, some of them also eaten by barbarous
Croats. Women likewise that have beheld their
loving husbanas, some miserably tortured to
death; others shamefully abused, and even gelt
in their (enforced) presence; others have had
their noses and eares cut off to make hat-bands
for the deriding tormentors. Now loving
Countrymen heare me, this hath long beene (and
yet is) the case of afflicted Germany, that it ne-
uer may be our owne case, let us pittie hers, and
leave off those sinnes which have drawne these
plagues upon her, though we (by Gods mercy) are
yet spared, that still we may, and that our merci-
full Lord will continue his blessings, (health,
peace and plenty) among us, is the daily prayer of*



A
**BRIEFE DISECTI
ON OF *GERMANIES*
AFFLICTION.**

1.



His Paper (white before) hath
reason just,
In Sable weeds (these lines) it
selfe to dresse,

For what may here be read (if we may trust
Old Natures doctrine) shewes such heaviness, (that
That sencelesse things may mourne, why should no
White Paper mourne, that beares black deeds of men

2.

Such strange (unheard of) mischiefes miseries,
Disasters, Murder, Sacriledge and Rape,
That he who reads, (or heares) it with dry eyes;
Shall passe o're what the Writer could not scape.

These are the Sceanes of this sad Tragedy;
These make my Paper mourne, and so doe I;

A 3

German

A brieve dissection

3.

Germany, Sovereigne of th' *Europian* part,
ate of the Sacred Christian Empire, hath
ull twenty (late past) yeares, bin pearc'd toth' heart,
nd still destruction keepes his beaten path,
Nor will be stopt, O that my prayers could stay
His journey, I'd (and so will) ever pray.

4.

illions of millions in these forenam'd yeares,
On either part hath fallen by the sword,
y too well prov'd experience this appeares,
ime in his brazen booke doth all record,
O pittie 'tis that Christians thus should spill
The blood of Christians, but alas, they will.

5.

We have a saying that's more true then old, (weart
le best knowes where the shooe wrings that does
o we who here enjoy even what we would,
And have no warre among's, nor doe we feare,)
Cannot discerne aright the direfull plight,
Which th' Commons suffer under warres affright.

6.

et's with their least of miseries begin,
agine now a man o're night with wealth
Great store, which toile, and care hath brought him in,
And that his wife, and children all's in health,
See him ere morne, behold the rape of's wife,
And daughter first, then with his goods lose life.

The

of Germanies affliction.

7.

The cruell Souldiers void of all remorse,
Take share of each mans labour at command,
And whats deny'd or hid, they will by force
Of horrid tortures purchase out of hand.

The Commons (though in substance equilent)
To be the Souldiers slaves must rest content.

8.

Rest content said I, theres two golden words,
Which every man would happy be to finde
True at his wish; but restless warre affords,
Rest nor content to any, none in minde,
Can be secure of what they doe possesse,
Where Souldiers can, they take all more and lesse.

9.

Yet don't mistake me, I me not generall
In censuring of Souldiers; for I know,
Some whose due praise for valour is not small,
Who in the martiall course will mercy show.
But *Germany* hath had (and still retaines)
An army whom the devill (their captaine) traines.

10.

These are the Crabats (crabbed curres indeed)
Vulgarly called Croats (barbarous slaves)
These like to *Canibals* on babes will feede,
No quarter theyle allow to him that craves.
I quake to set the deeds downe (with my pen)
Dor by these fiends of hell in the shape of men.

A brieife dissection

11.

Of other Nations (that have such hard hearts)

Great numbers be, yet all are *Groats* nam'd

Because in barbarisme they take their parts,

By such as these, true honour is defam'd;

He who from *Mars* is borne Legitimate

In loving honour, tyranny doth hate.

12.

These salvage (not true) Souldiers neither care

For God, nor man, nor devill, where the gaine

The conquest, neither age nor sex they spare,

To kneele, or begge, with teares to them's in vaine.

The lives, of women, men, and infants sweete,

They weigh no more then wormes under their feet.

13.

No Pagan, Turke, Tartarian, nor Iew,

'Mongst all their Tyrannies 'gainst Christians us'd,

Such Stratagemes of villany ere knew,

Both Male and Female they have so abus'd.

'Tis terrible, and odious to unfold

What hath (by them) beene done to young and old.

14.

Some have with match (or cord) so hard beene ty'd,

That from eares, eyes, and nose, the blood did spring

From many of them (as tis testify'd)

Their eyes have started out (O horrid sinne)

Some fleed off skins alive, as Butchers will,

Doe to those Sheep, or Oxen which they kill

Others

of Germanies affliction.

15.

Others with chisels had their faces plained,
From th' fingers ends the blood from some did start,
To eat their excrements some were constrained,
Thus every one did strive to act his part,
In cruelty, all others to excell,
Thereby to gaine a place of note in hell.

16.

But one thing more is to be wonderd at
Then all the rest (O note this hellish art,
A Reverend Channon tortur'd with a cat,
Fix'd to his naked belly ne're to start,
Till man and cat (through horrid paine and hunger,
Yeelded to death, when they could live no longer.

17.

Some had their privy parts, with powder fill'd,
And blowne up into th' ayre, have dyed so,
Others by a more strange device were kil'd
Hangd up on high, a fire was made below,
Of stufte, combustible, no flame but smoke,
And with this policy they many choake.

18.

Now Reader, if tha'st read or heard whats told,
Of *Dioclesian*, *Neroe*, *Phaleris*,
Dost thinke they to these monsters might not hold
The candle for invention; Surely yes,
These outstrip them all, and that can be nam'd
Although the world for Tyrants them proclaim'd.

For

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19.

For rape with Sacrilegious murder, and
Robbing and spoyling Churches and the like,
We from no ancient times can understand
Such actions perpetrated that may strike
Men unto terror, and amazement both,
To reade of that which I to write am loath.

20.

Priests praying at the altars 'tis truth,
Nuns ravished and with sore tortures kild,
Rich Burgers daughters in their blooming youth
Have so beene served, nay when their blood was spil'd
And life departed, those (who nought regard)
Have carnally abus'd them afterward.

21.

One villaine having ravished a Mayd,
Cut her alive in quarters with his sword,
While on his knees her aged Father prayd,
To save her life, but got no other word
To comfort him, but this, if thou wilt have her
Pray to the Saints, and try if they can save her.

22.

Some Mayds and Wives (as sad experience tels,
To save themselves from fordid villany
Have headlong leaped into Lakes, and Wells,
Embracing death to save their honesty,
Though verity condemns such desperate facts
Woe be to them who cause such dismall acts

Women

of Germanies affliction.

23.

Women with childe, nay women in childbed,
These miscreants, insatiately have us'd
Their husbands, and their friends they've tortured,
Praying with teares to have their wives excus'd.
O hatefull to be spoke, as bad to heare,
What I could write manhood bids me forbear.

24.

So much of that, too much ift pleas'd our Lord,
Is't wonder if more plagues from this doe spring,
These mischiefs all were brought in by the sword,
Now what succeeds all this, a worser thing.
Grim meager famine, through decay of tillage,
Doth fiercely rage, in City, Towne, and village.

25.

Learned *Josephus* in's Iudaicke warres
Treating of proud *Ierusalem* her siege;
Writes that by famine more then by the scars
O'th *Roman* swords, the draught of death did pledge
That story hath from me extracted teares
And so may this from any he that heares.

26.

If any difference be (in my conceite)
It rests in this which after shall insue,
Weighing each circumstance this is more great,
And might dissolve the heart of any Jew
A woman there I reade her childe did eare,
Two women here did of their babes make meate.

One

A brieffe dissection

27.

One was a Widdow ith Palatinate
Who had a daughter some nine yeares of age
A Lamentable story to relate,
Hunger so furiously 'mongst them did rage,
They at contention fell one with another,
Which should be kild, the daughter or the mother.

28.

To render their sad talke would be prolix,
But thus (in brieffe) the girle (with famine pind)
Her gasty eyes did on her mother fix.
Mother said shee, I would you'd be ith mind
To kill me, that my misery might cease.
Or let me kill you, you of paine t^e release.

29.

The woman looking wishly on the child,
Sayer what wouldst doe with me if I were dead,
Quoth she Ide eate you, she with hunger wild
Upon a sudden caught the girle by' th head
Puld off her harelace; no long time she wrangles;
But with the same her daughter deere shee strangles.

30.

Wanting a knife, (O note what shift she made)
Famine in her maternall love exild)
She cut the flesh in gobets with a spade,
Then dressing th' head and some part of the child.
She fild her belly, and what did abound, (pound.
Her neighbours bought (for porke) four stirrers the
Now,

of Germanies affliction.

31.

Now what became of her when th' childe was mist,
How she imprison'd was arraign'd, and freed,
There's no necessity to manifest,
And to my selfe I have proposed speede,
Therefore Ile end this tragicall discourse,
And tell another tale as bad or worse.

32.

At *Hornebass* a woman had a childē
Of which she had lyen inne not long before, (wilde,
Hunger that wilde things tames, makes tame things
Opprest this woman and her babe so sore,
That shee foode lacking, milke it needs must want,
And both for nutriment did feebly pant.

33.

The woman seeing in what deepe distresse
Her tender Infant was through want of food,
And famine did her body so oppresse,
That what to doe she in amazement stood.
Motherly pittie for the babe did plead,
Necessity cries out it must be dead.

34.

Necessity prevailes, she takes a knife,
(My heart doth tremble while I write of it)
Wherewith she rest the Innocent of life,
And of the flesh made many a savory bit.
O famine there's no plague compares with thee,
Thou art (by ods) the worst of all the three.

This

of Germanies affliction.

35.

This being knowne, she was to'th Magistrates
Brought and examined about her deede,
To whom (in decent order) she relates
The motive; 'twas she wanting foode to feede,
Her selfe and it, to rid it out of paine,
She murderd it, her owne life to sustaine,

36.

Quoth she 'twas my owne fruite, and in that plight
Ready to perish both my selfe and it,
I thought to use it, I had the most right,
Yet Law (for all this) would not her acquit,
She was condemn'd to dye (for examples sake)
Least others to do the like should undertake,

37.

This wofull story, which succeeds in place,
Is full as Lamentable as wonderfull,
Three Mayds that equall friendship did embrace
Together dwelt, this famine did so pull,
That mauger former love, which had beene showne
They sought each others lives to save their owne.

38.

This to effect, two of them did conspire,
To kill (and eate) the third, (O pittious case)
And quickly they accomplisht their desire,
Fierce hunger swiftly followed the chase,
Betwene these two, the third in bed they kild,
And with her flesh their empty bellies filld.

When

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39.

When this was done and past, note the event,
Hearts once obdur'd and hands inur'd to ill,
Once flesh'd in mischief; soone the minds assent,
Is wonne to any thing be't what it will.

So hapn'd it with these two, the third was slaine,
Want wrought conspiracy betweene those twaine.

40.

One strangled the other in her bed,
(Thus mischief multipli'd, no love, no feare)
And as they serv'd the first (cut off her head)
This she alone perform'd to her compeere,
And having eaten't, she proceeded further,
Her heart was hard, she made no bones of murder.

41.

She goes one day unto a village neare,
A friend to visit (as she did pretend)
Whose husband was from home: she lov'd her deare,
And bad her welcome, (like a loving friend)
But in the night (lying with her in bed)
This murtherous mayd cut off the womans head.

42.

And binding the dead body on a board,
Brought it toth' place where she did dwell,
Fierce famine would not so much time afford,
To let her cut it out (like joynts to sell)
She took both hands and head, which washing cleane
Wher they were boyl'd to eat them she did mean.
The

A brieft dissection

43.

The good man comming home his wife did mis,
And for her 'mongst his neighbors did demand,
Who could give no intelligence but this,
That such a Mayd was with her: out of hand
To her he trudges, asks if she did know
What was become of's wife? she answer'd no.

44.

But such things can't be hid, murther will out,
A guilty looke betrayes a guilty heart;
He goes into the house and all about
He pryeth (narrowly) in every part,
And in this Inquisition 't was his lot
To spy one of the hands sticke out o'th por.

45.

Then being (no marvell) in impetuous rage,
He threatens her, who soone the fact confest,
Saying, it was harsh hunger to assuage,
Made her doe that and more, then told the rest,
And straight to *Stiltsy* (by three Musketeers)
She was conveyed before th'imperiall Peers.

46.

While she before the Iudgement seat did stand
To be arraign'd, according to the Law,
The Sudden hand she held within her hand,
And that all other might be kept in aw.
Her head was cut off with a sword of Steele,
Her body was fast bound unto a wheele.

There

of Germanies affliction.

47.

There for a spectacle still to remaine
That all may shun murther (that crying crime)
Although necessity did her constraîne,
She tasting the affliction of the time,
Yet having dipp'd her hands in blood so often,
Twas fit that death her flinty heart should soften.

48.

A woman in the village of *Steinhausse*,
A girle of twelve yeares, and a boy of five,
Did kill and eate for which inhumane cause,
(Being found) the Law did her of life deprive,
And at her execution she told plaine,
That she last yeare kild other children twaine.

49.

I'th Parish of *Smegbruggen* there a brother,
And sister did survive their Paren's dead,
The sister dies, he eates her and of's mother,
Devours the thighes, Oh horrible to reade,
A woefull spectacle to them who see't,
Where starved people fall downe dead in street.

50.

And of the dead, the living make their meate,
Out of their bellies, they the intrailles pull
Hearts, Livers, Lungs, o'th dead the living eate
(A story true woefull, and wonderfull)
Snayles, Frogs, and Carrion, dead sixe weeks before
To this distresse, what can be added more.

B

A brieffe dissection

51.

A woman in the streetes that was found dead,
betweene her teeth a humane rib did hold,
and hard by her lay roasted a mans head
A wonderous tragicke tale tis to be told;
Children cry in the streetes and dare not goe
Home, fearing killing, hunger rageth so.

52.

Some eating mad dogs have themselves runne mad,
And raging dy'd in Lamentable plight,
A ministers wife that six sweete children had
saw them all starv'd to death in her owne sight,
So many wanting food to taste, have tasted
Of death, that all th' *Palatinates* devasted.

53.

The Countries turn'd into a wilderness
For in three hundred Parishes (O strange)
Not one is left alive such deepe distresse
That Country feesles; an admirable change;
Twas once the Eden of all Christendome,
Yet now to utter ruine it is come.

54.

In the whole Dukedome of *Swegbruggen* are
A live two hundred ninety two, no more
In all that spacious Province death did spare
but these (to mourne for them that went before)
A wonderous story tis alas (too true)
Of millions left two hundred ninety two.

So

of Germanies Affliction.

55.

So furiously this monster (*Famine*) raves,
(That tis no marvell if they eat it flesh)
That people dig'd dead bodies out of graves,
And to sustaine their lives have eat the flesh,
This is a misery, mystery't may be sed,
When by the dead the living must be fed.

56.

At *Wormes*, and divers other places, want
Doth tyranniz so o're the common sort,
That in high wayes and streets they lye and pant,
What shifts they make tis wondrous to report.
In *Saxony* and also on the *Rhine*,
This Plague of Plagues doth many people pine.

57.

Horse flesh is common, that I count good meat,
(Taking the place and season as it haps)
But here they (*vermin*) Rats, and Mice doe eat,
For which with diligence, they set their traps:
Nay dogs and cats, are at the market sold,
And glad is he that first of it layes hold.

58.

A Bushell of corne (with difficulty brought)
Eightene Rix dollers, there will easily yeeld
And glad are they by whom the same is bought,
Tis food (not money) that is hungers shield,
It is in *English* coyne, foure pounds, twelve pence
To save their Lives they will not spare expence.

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Our

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59.

Our meaner sort in *England* are so nice,
(Vnlesse by chance there be some dearth of corne)
I have observ'd it more then once or twice
How in the markets, they Rye meale will scorne,
And other things, which I must overslip,
For feare some Scold should take me on the hip]

60.

But take heed *England*, least when th'art full fed
Thou doe forget thy God (I doubt thou dost)
While thou hast foule and fish with fill of bread,
Thinke on poore *Germany* who once could boast
Of plenty more then all the Christian world,
Yet see into what misery shees hurld.

61.

Tis now her case why may not thine be next,
Thy sins are equall if not more then hers,
And sith our Lord, at every sinner's vext,
What is the reason that he thee prefers,
And her defects, be humble least thou feele
What she hath felt, thinke on *Sapora's* wheele.

62.

Heaven gently hath scourgd thee not long since,
With a small Plague, to make thee feare a bigger,
But *Germany* hath had such pestilence,
That it appears the viols of his riger
Are powr'd on her, O miserable state,
Woe is me if thee I don't compassionate.

In

of Germanics affliction.

63

In *Switzerland* the City *Bassile* there,
In *Anno* sixteene hundred thirty three,
Bury'd full twenty thousand in that yeare,
Of the swift pestilence which none can flee;
And in the next yeare following, that in *Trent*,
Full thirty thousand the same journey went.

64.

And divers parts in *Belgia* are distrest,
With this contagion whose expansion wide,
(claimes *Soveraignty* (though an unwelcome guest)
He'l lodge with wives even by their husbands side,
Where ere he comes, he either all doth take,
Or else division among friends he'l make.

65.

This foule infection did so overspread,
All *Germany* that scarce a place was free,
Potentates from their usuall places fled,
Yet safe in any part they could not be.
Nimegen, *Guelders*, *Emericke* and the *Hague*,
Antwerp, and *Bruxels*, all have had this Plague:

66.

In *Bavier* so many people fell,
The living could not bury all the dead,
But Rats, and Mice, (a misery tis to tell)
Familiarly upon the bodies fed.
A lamentable spectacle to see,
Chiefly for they who tender hearted be.

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67.

And unto such I dedicate my labours.
(As in th' Epistle they may read who please)
Who with compassion thinke upon their Neighbours,
And in their mindes doe seeke Gods wrath appease,
For Charity, and Verity, doth tall
Vpon us, that we should doe good to all.

68.

If we doe not lament with them that mourne
And weepe with them that sorrow, ist not iust,
That if 't (as God forbid) should be our turne
To have our glory bury'd in the dust,
That others should not pittie our estate,
How can we love God, and our brother hate.

FINIS.

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The Epilogue or Postscript to the
Reader.

THus (tender hearted Reader have I set (get)
Before thine eyes (what thou shouldst nere for-
The misery which neighbour Nations feele,
Through war, famine, and pestilence, the wheele
Of Fortune's still in motion, though we sit
In peace, and plenty, yet it h' midst of it,
Tis fit we should on Iosephs troubles thinke,
Least of the cup of wrath, we also drinke,
Let's all consider tis th' Almightyes hand,
That striketh others, and doth spare our land,
And that his love, (not our desarts) are cause,
Why from our Nation he the stroke withdrawes,
We are as wicked (if not more) then they
On whom he doth his rod of anger lay,
And therefore though as yet we live in mirth,
(Injoying all the blessings upon earth,
A Gracious King, under whose Governement
We live, in peace, and for our more content

The

Are for thy Smith Royall Off-spring which
Our land with future blessings may enrich,
Yet if this peace and plenty which we have,
Doe make us proud, forgetting him who gave
Vs all these comforts, which our neighbours want,
We well may feare, least he his love transplant,
Into another people, that will yeild
A larger crop of thanks; O let the field
Of each ones heart, receive the seede of grace,
And with true gratitude prevent his face,
Lets hate our loved sins, our vaine excesses
Of (Luciferian) pride, sloth, drunkennesse,
Extortion, avarice, and luxury,
Let's feede and cloath Christ in necessity,
I meane in's little ones, what's done to them,
His owne words ratifie, as done to him,
This is his will, so doe lets all endever,
And he (no doubt) will giue us peace for ever.

Amen.

FINIS.

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